

***In My Last Days,
I Will See The Sun***

Chapter One: A Life in Waiting

For as long as I can remember, I have been waiting. Waiting for time to pass, waiting for things to change, waiting for the moment when life would finally begin. But as I stand here now, feeling the warmth of the sun on my face, I realize something I should have known all along—this *is* my life. It was never something waiting to begin. It has always been unfolding, moment by moment, while I stood by, counting the days like they were obstacles rather than the very fabric of my existence.

I take a deep breath, letting the golden light sink into my skin, and wonder how much I have missed by living in anticipation instead of in reality.

Chapter Two: The Weight of Time

I remember the younger version of myself, staring out of bedroom windows, tracing patterns in the dust on the glass. Always believing that the future would bring something better. Something worth waking up for.

As a child, I told myself that adulthood would be where life truly started. In adulthood, I told myself that the *right moment* had not yet come—that I just needed more time, more preparation, more certainty. But certainty never came. The right moment never knocked on my door.

And now, as my body grows weary and my steps slow, I finally understand that life was not something ahead of me. It was around me, inside me, all along.

I was too busy looking forward to see it.

Chapter Three: The Quiet Beauty of the Present

I walk through a field, my fingers grazing the tall grass. The wind carries the scent of the earth, rich and full of life. I close my eyes and listen—to the rustling leaves, to the birds calling from the trees, to my own heartbeat.

How long has it been since I listened? Since I *felt*?

Regret is a bitter thing, but there is something soft in its edges now. A lesson. A whisper. A chance. I may not have known it before, but I know it now.

And knowing *now* is enough.

Chapter Four: A Sky That Was Always There

The sky stretches wide above me, painted in hues of blue and gold. It is the same sky I have lived under my entire life, and yet today, it feels different. Not because it has changed—but because *I* have.

I once saw the sun as something distant, unreachable. A thing to chase, like the future I kept longing for. But now, I understand. The sun has always been here. Shining. Waiting for me to open my eyes and see it.

I tilt my head back, letting its warmth wash over me. I do not count the minutes. I do not wait for what's next. I just *exist*.

For the first time in my life, I am truly here.

And for the first time, *that is enough*.

The End.

